

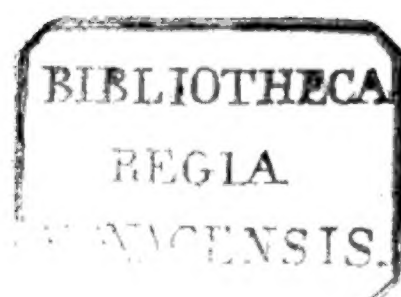
P. o. angl. 449 ^g—

Treenootla

SPECIMENS
OF
CORNISH PROVINCIAL DIALECT,
COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY
UNCLE JAN TREENOODLE,
WITH SOME
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, AND A GLOSSARY,
BY
AN ANTIQUARIAN FRIEND,
ALSO
A SELECTION OF SONGS AND OTHER PIECES
CONNECTED WITH CORNWALL.

“Vether it’s worth while goin’ through so much, to learn so little,
as the Charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a
matter o’ taste. I rayther think it isn’t.”—QUOTH OLD WELLER.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first part of this little collection contains some specimens of the present Cornish provincial dialect, which is but little known out of the county ; and even there is gradually wearing away in the towns ; and is scarcely to be heard in its full richness, except in the mining districts, or in the parts most remote from traffic and intercourse with strangers. To be properly appreciated it should be heard, being accompanied by a peculiar intonation or singing accent ; a species of recitative, which has rather a pleasing effect, though it may render the dialect less intelligible to those unaccustomed to it.

It is quite distinct from the antient Cornish language, which was a dialect of the Celtic, and very similar to the Welch. This has been obsolete as a living language for some centuries. Andrew Borde, a physician in the time of Henry VIIIth, says : “ In

Cornwal is two speches, the one is naughty Englyshe, and the other is Cornyshe speche. And there be many men and women the which cannot speake one worde of Englyshe, but all Cornyshe." This implies that the Cornish was then no longer the general language of the country. Carew, in his Survey, 1602, writes: "Most of the inhabitants can no word of Cornish, but very few are ignorant of the English, though they sometimes affect to be." Norden, whose survey of the county was written about 1584, says: "Of late the Cornishe men haue muche conformed themselues to the vse of the Englishe tounge, and their Englishe is equall to the beste, especially in the easterne partes; euen from *Truro* eastwarde it is in manner wholly Englishe. In the weste parte of the countrye, as in the hundreds of *Penwith* and *Kerrier*, the Cornishe tounge is moste in vse amongste the inhabitantes, and yet (whiche is to be marueyled) though the husband and wife, parentes and children, master and seruantes, doe mutually communicate in their natieue language, yet ther is none of them in manner but is able to conuers with a *straunger* in the Englishe tounge, vnless it be some obscure people that seldome conferr with the better sorte: but it seemeth that in few yeares the Cornishe language wilbe by litle and litle abandoned." Scawen, towards the latter part of the 17th century, states, that Mr. Francis Robinson of Landewednack, (the parish at the Lizard) had recently preached a sermon

in Cornish, as being the language best known to his auditory; but this was in a remote part of the county, having little communication with others, and he is said to have been the last person who preached in Cornish; Scawen adds, that an old woman had died about two years before at the great age of 164, who could scarcely speak anything but Cornish; but he says, that the old language was, in general, quite extinct. Ray, in 1662, says, that Mr. Dicken Gwyn was considered the only person who could write in the Cornish language, that few of the children could speak it, and that it would soon be lost. Hals, in the beginning of last century, remarks, that the old Cornish tongue was retained in the parish of Feock, till about 1640, and that Mr. William Jackman the Vicar, was obliged to administer the sacrament in that tongue, because the old people did not well understand English. It had probably ceased to be generally spoken in the county prior to the time of Henry the VIIIth; but a disquisition on this subject would scarcely be in character with the slight pretensions of this compilation. However, in the latter half of the past century, Dolly Pentreath is mentioned as the last person speaking this tongue; but as there is no account from any person well skilled in the subject, particularizing her idiom, it may have been only a very broad provincial dialect, intermixed with much of the ancient language, which, with a stranger,

might have passed for old Cornish.* About the same time, or but a few years previous, two other old women are mentioned, (Jane Cock, and Jane Woolcock) who were conversant with the language. Dolly Pentreath died in 1778, aged 102, and as she, at all events, has the reputation of being the last speaker of ancient Cornish, her portrait taken from a cotemporary print, appears as our frontispiece.† An engraving of her is also given in Cyrus Redding's illustrated Cornwall, a book which every admirer of the county should have. The modern provincial dialect contains many Cornish words, and also several Saxon terms now in general obsolete, but which were in common use about the time of Queen Elizabeth, and may be found in Shakespere, and cotemporary writers.

Of the provincial specimens, numbers 2 and 7 were written by Mr. Fox, about 50 years since; number 7 has been printed in three or four works. No. 4 has been printed in Polwhele's History of Cornwall, and No. 3 was privately printed by the late D. Gilbert. A version of the Barley Mow Song is in Chappell's valuable and interesting collection of National English Airs; that now given, is as sung at

* See a paper by Daines Barrington in *Archæologia*, vol. 3, for an account of Dolly.

† See Lluyd's *Archæologia Britannica*, Pryce's *Cornish Grammar*, and the *Creation of the World, with Noah's Flood, and Mount Calvary*, edited by the late Davies Gilbert, Pres. R. S. for Specimens of ancient Cornish.

Harvest time, and other rural meetings in the West. No. 9 is a familiar specimen of telling a story in a moderated dialect. The Christmas plays are still acted in Cornwall, and the editor has given one out of several variations in his possession.

The second part contains some pieces connected with Cornwall though not in the dialect. The Furry-day Song, is sung annually on the morning of the 8th of May, at Helstone, where an antient custom is kept up, for all ranks to dance through the streets to a peculiar tune; each class forming its distinct set, and fadé-ing through the town with great spirit. The origin of this custom is unknown, and it would be curious to ascertain when and why the first Furry-day was kept. Many theories have been started on the subject, and if we had at work for us the intelligence in these matters of a Crofton Croker it might perhaps have been discovered. Some have derived it from the Floralia; D. Gilbert from "foray," supposing it to be in commemoration of some victory over the Saxons; but neither of these suppositions are probable. It may have had rise from some of the May-day ceremonies, modified by local traditions. Certain great feasts used to continue for several days, the first and the octave or last being more peculiarly days of rejoicing or solemnity. There is a tradition that St. Michael, the patron Saint of Helstone, made his appearance, or apparition as it is called, on the 8th of May, at St. Michael's Mount, on a rock called

his chair.* This may have been a reason for making the octave of the May feast, or 8th of May, a marked day at Helstone, and when May-day festivities became obsolete here, as elsewhere, the Furry-day continued to be observed, as at this present time, with much zeal and enjoyment. A description of the custom may be found in the various county histories, but a singular mistake occurs throughout, by adapting the song to the dance tune. It is sung to an old tune, or chant, as old perhaps as the custom. It must have puzzled the first adapter to make the song fit the dance, and to prevent further difficulty the real tune is given at the end of the book. The next song was made when Sir Jonathan Trelawney Bart. then Bishop of Bristol (afterwards of Winchester) was committed to prison with other prelates in 1688, for his defence of the Protestant religion; it is printed in D. Gilbert's parochial History of Cornwall. The legend of St. Keyne's Well appears from the songs, of which the first is from Carew, and the other by the lamented Southey. Norden, in his survey, calls it, "A spring rising under a tree of a moste straunge condition, for beyng but one bodie, it beareth the braunches of 4 kindes, oke, ashe, elme, and withye." The song of John Dory, is in Chappell's collection, and also in

* Not the celebrated chair, wherein the male or female (and bold must she be) who sits, is to rule after marriage: which is the remains of an old stone lanthorn, outside the top of the tower of the castle, without support for the feet.

Deuteromelia, 1611. Carew says, “one Nicholas, sonne to a widdow, neere Foy, is deskanted upon, in an old three mans songs, namely, how he fought brauely at sea, with *John Dory* (a Genowey as I conjecture) set forth by *John* the French king, and (after much bloudshed on both sides) tooke, and slew him, in reuenge of the great rauine, and crueltie, which he had forecommitted, vpon the Englishmens goods and bodies.” The family of Nicolas are distinguished in our naval annals to the present day. “The Duke of Cornwall’s Daughter,” (being the history of fair Sabrina, and the subject of one of the doubtful plays attributed to Shakespere ;) and “The Stout Cripple of Cornwall,” are from Evans’s old Ballads. The account of the Squab Pie, was written it is said by a gentleman of Bodmin. The next song is from Deuteromelia, it is probably little known, and is inserted from its similarity to the “Barley Mow” song. The Fisherman’s letter, from Archæologia, vol. 5, is given as a short specimen of the old Cornish tongue. The last piece in the collection is curious, and has not been noticed by any of the numerous writers on Cornwall; but it is uncouth in form, and will scarcely repay the trouble of perusal. It is written by Andrew Borde an eccentric physician in the time of Henry the 8th, and is printed in his Introduction to Knowledge, a work now not often met with. He does not seem to have understood the Cornish cha-

racter, or it has changed since his time, for it is well known, that there is not a more intelligent or respectable set of men in the kingdom than the Cornish miners, and hospitality is one of the characteristics of the county.

SOME ACCOUNT OF JAN TRENOODLE'S FAMILY,

WROTE BY HIS-SELF FROM FAMILY PAPERS.

THE havage of my family, wain't be easy for to find
'mong the County Hist'ries; though et oft for to be,
as the antiquity of et es very auntient. I have heerd
the ould saw,

“ When William the Conqueror did come,
Quarme, Cruis, and Crocker were at home.”

and have seen en a play-writen book, “the Slys are
no rogues Look in the chronicles, we came in with
Richard Conqueror.” Now we was at hoam long
afore them Conquerors comed, and have ben very
much at hoam ever sence. But, we be fine and ould,
sure enough, and doesn't mind them as takes from
the Normans, or King Arthur, or Jack the Giant
Killer, or who was at the fight agen Julius Cæsar
when he comed across from France 'bout the oyster
fishery.*

* The value of the English pearls is said to have been one induce-
ment for Cæsar's invasion.— Ed.

The Trenoodles was well to do as long ago as one thousand and one hundred years before the Christian æra; for, about this time, the grand wrestling bout comed off at the Hoe at Plemouth, between Corinæus, and Gog-magog, when Corinæus thraw'd his man by a Cornish hug (then first found out by he), and gived his name to Cornwall, which were the prize as they wrastled for.

Gog-magog, were so bedoled, and so sheamed at being beat, that he dedn't live long after, and leav'd two sons who divided hes name between them, and was afterwards great figurs up along en the town-hall to Lunnun church-town. One of the Trenoodles were a stickler at this here match, of which there used for to be a sketch like cut into the turf at the Hoe, but which the Prime Menister allowed to be put upon by the Cetadel, when et were built. Howsomdever et might be found agen ef the Archæologists (I took'd that word from prent) would ax the Queen to lev some of the buildins and the ramparts to be digg'd away, which too wedn't a cost much ef the sogers was to help them. Corinæus, gived Trenoodle as a keepsake, a handsome silver skewer, in reward for his services; with hes coat of arms* engraved on et, and a fitty inscription, which caa'nt

* This shews the bearing of arms to be of much older date than is generally supposed. In further proof of this, authentic coats of arms of Adam, Shem, Ham, Japhet, and the three Kings of Cologne, &c. may be seen in some of the manuscripts in the British Museum.

Ed.

now be read; and the family have kept their silver skewer through weal and woe* ever sence. At this here time too he gived us the Barton of Trenoodle, which have ben our own fee down to this present time; and we shall be proud to shaw the ould plaace weth ets gothic punnion ends, and auntient tapestry and painted winders to any straunge antiqueerians. We've also a got a chayney wassal boul gived by Corinæus, which I heerd tell were formerly his tea-cup, and there is a piece of writen weth et to say that et es curus because it do shaw, that one Lady Rowena wern't the first who drink'd the wassel. Now our papers don't say much for a pure spur after this, untell Julius Cæsar comed as I tell'd afore 'bout the oysters and other things; and then one of the family were Adjutant of the Cornish militia; and we still do have hes commission weth tne sign manual of the Lord Leftenant or Duke of Cornwall of that time, which do seem for all the world like as the mark of the four fingers and thoomb. En good King Arthur's time we was agen to work, but we got to writen now more than fightin; 'xcept one as was officer in the Tintagel light horse, and so was a paart of the garrison of thickey impregnable and unaccessible castle. But the head of the Trenoodles at this time, were a great poet to the king, and ded put ento verse powers of things about him and what he did say and do.

* A cockney asked if this should not be through *veal* and *veau*.

Our auncestor Necholas Trenoodle did go with the ambassy from King Edward Confessor to William the Conqueror when he were Duke of Cornwall; and his picter do appear in the tapestry up to Bayew church-town. We've also a got hes feace 'pon the back of an ould armed-cheer, which were worked by some young lady of William's court, between whom and Necholas our papers do say as there was some love passages, which do mean, I am tould, that they keep'd company together, and indeed they was wedded afterwards.

When Edward the third comed to be king, he gived hes warrant for the head of our family for he and his heirs to provide night-caps for the Kings of England ef so be they comed ento Cornwall; and he also gived he leave to keep hes head cover'd before the King, which the Newspapers ded say 'twere because he ded have a sore head, but that were a stram. In the hubbub made by Perkin Warbeck when he made wise the Crown were his, we refused to give he a night-cap, and took'd paart with the King. In the riots of 1550 howsomdever the husband of one of the family were charged with having joined the rioters (which he hadn't a done) and he were hanged with many more of hes comraades by one Sir A. Kingston. Hes wife, when she heerd of hes going to be took'd to the 'sizes ded think to go for to ax hem to be let off, but she had jist a got a brand new French hood, which was then the fashons, and spent

so long before the glass to make herself look fitty and braave, and her opinion were so long suspended as to the best coose, that when she comed her husband were suspended too. She did afterwards get into difficulties herself, because she were heerd say of Queen Elizabeth jist about the time that she scared away the Spanjards armadillo from her Tilbury, that her dress were partly *ruff*, but her temper were *rougher*.

During the fight with ould Oliver Cromwell, the Trenoodles, like the greater paart of the Cornish gentlefolks took sides with the King; "by means whereof," (as one of our papers do say) they was treated very *cavalierly* by the round-heads when they'd a got the upper hand; but when Charles the second comed over, he gived them in reward for their services, several large promises, and two small spaniels.

When I were a boy I were put to grammar school, and were thoft to be pretty 'cute at book learning by my own family. I now amuses myself by collecting and writing of what they do call fugitive pieces, p'raps because no one do seem to care much about them; and then I do write too by way of change some things for the many societies I do hear of up to Lunnun when they likes for to have them; and am now a getting forward with what my neybons do say goes braave and suant in the way of learning, to shaw that the moor-stone posts which es stick'd up en so many of the fields in Cornwall was put up

by the Druids theyselves, and not (as some do say) in our times, for the cattle to scratch themselves agen. I do think also seriously of writing some works of a light and popular sort; or some of what a friend of mine do call, the mysterious, and terrible-horrible school, (books of easy virtue); or some Cornish tales, but though I do find it easy to think about it, yet someways I caan't get beyond my thoughts all to once. Well then, says I, thof I bean't yet well know'd as a book writer, I've a got the same means as other folks. Ef I were to go and sit down, and jist write what people do say and do and describe things and plaaces as they may be seen any day in natur, and that is all that Scott and Dickens and some others do do; why, says I to myself shouldn't I write so well as they. I do hear tell that Dickens do put down fine and braave thoughts in fine and braave words sure enough; but ef I were axed why I hadn't a done the same, I'm sure then I couldn't tell the reason why, though 'fath and sure I havn't tried. They do say, that Dickens like Scott is famous all over Europe, and that even the Toorks has got a plaace they calls "*Boz for us.*"

Well, I am glad for to prent this here little book, because it took'd me up along to Lunnun, where I got a friend to help in the dictsnary and some other paarts. I comed up along to Bristol by Steam-boat, which were making a nice coose, but I had heerd they was *bedecked* with *flags*, which was not the case, as they

was *bedecked* with *planks*. The Great Western road up to Lunnun were fine and pleasant, I heerd a comraade say, 'twere quite matter of *raillery*. I were purely glad for to see the Queen and Prince Albert and our little Duke of Cornwall with 'em. But, we oft not to be surprised at having of a good Queen, as we've ben waiting a long time for her; and have ben singing to every king for the laast two hundred years—

“ Send him *Victorias*
Happy and glorious
Long to reign o'er us.”

So lev us “ One and all” finish the verse—

“ God save the Queen.”

VISIT TO LUNNUN.

Dost thee knaw, Sos, I've ben up to Lunnun church-
town ?

A fine passel of things I seed theere to put down.

Were I sliced ento slivers so thin as a straw,

I cud na tell thee haalf the braave things as I saw.

Why, now, what do'ee thenk ? they've got timberen
roads,

Which es fitty at times, but for quilkins, and toaads ;

Pure sport for tom-toddies, or a padgitepooe :

And when et do come, cheel, but a bit of a skew,

Why the rain et do make em so slippy, and slottery,

'T'es no wonder they hosses, do get stogged, or trot
awry.

Then the Cabs as they caalls 'em, keeps pooten about,

Like an Angletitch twisten etself en and out.

And they 'Busses of which then, plase sure, there's a
mort,

Skeyse about like the bilers of ingines en sport.

Well cheel, as for the shops I were quite en a maze,

'Fath I ne'er seed sich beauties en all my boorn
daays.

There es some with out-wenders as laarge as the
housen,

All prink'd oop so pridy, weth there picters, and
cloase en.

And then, ef I ever ! sich fine tummals of cloam,
They makes a scat marchant of they spaars up to
hoam.

For the maaid's thee mays't see too sich nackins and
gownds,

And sich aperns and coats ; I'd as lieve as two
pounds,

That my wife bea'nt slocked in thickey notions to see,
For my fangings wud look scoy and wished ef so be.
She've jist caal'd me a cropeing timdoodle i'facks,
'Caase of cuyn I ded gev her less than she ded axe.
Then plase sure, there's no cause to be creening, or
dreuling,

Be bedoled weth the rheumatiz, roadling, or puling.
For there's doctors as pomsters all sorts of diseases :
Thee art paltcht oop quite braave like whenever thee
pleases.

What's the odds, if thee'rt scat all abroad ? 'tes a
pity,

But en few hours vallee, thee'rt flam new, and fitty.
And then as to their saaves they's got sich a com-
mand on,

They clopping like corns, ha'nt a foot left to stand on.
Thee'st be sure that I went for to see they play-
actors,

And they told I they shaw'd some famousest carac-
turs.

I caan't tell'ee the neame, but once there comed en
A fellor weth breeches and weth coat all of tin.

Then they caal'd him a goast, and they made wise to
staart :

For a buch-a-boo thof he ded seem cruel smaart.

And a comraade en black weth the shivers were took,
And he squinnied, tell I were nigh shrimmed weth
es look ;

Thrawed es hat on the planchen, and ded kicky
rayther,

Then next he comed out, "How do'ee fadge royal
feyther?

Why's thee en sich a takeing? things doesn't seem
suant,"

Says the goast, "Ooncle Clodgy's ben playen the
truant,

He gove me a scat en the chacks for the nonce,

Then wethout being caal'd out, he ded marry to once

Your mother ; because why, I were perfectly dead,

And it were all along of that whap en the head.

But, I tell'ee what, Sos, dont'ee lev hem alone."

"Why plase sure then I wain't," said es cheeld with
a groan ;

That's es comraade, 'twere Hamlet I mind were es
naame,

And he tarvied about, and sed 'twere a big sheame.

Well then, down a great shaaft goes the man in latteen,

As et were the man Ingine, up to Tresavean.

Then Hamlet hissself did fetch about like one mazed ;

Drove a maiden, weth whom he keeped company,
crazed :

And sent she to Passon, for a nun ef so be,
'Caase he cudn't afford for to have none of she.
The young 'oman herself en a pond were found dead,
And the Crowner's 'quest vardict said, she were
drownded.

At laast comed ould Ooncle, and a skrimmage and
strow ;

And they all thraw'd each other, so ended that show.
Then a passel of maidens comed en to the pleace,
Each so smaart thee caan't think, weth a pure
roagish feace :

And beginn'd for to skeyce and to fadè so friskis,
Why they seemed to my mind like a passel of piskeys,
But their coats was so short—I'm asheamed—why I
sees—

As far—'es I ded 'fath—auh !—quite up to the knees.
Sich a guakum were I, that I first turned my feace,
But were forced to turn back, to make sure 'twere
the caase,

And then to be sure 'twere a cruel fine shew ;
Dont'ee laugh—'tes the dauncing I means, thee do
knaw.

'Fore the parlement mimbers the next day I goes,
To tell 'pon the rail-roads, what so be I suppose.
From St. Joost to the Loggan's one thee'st may
depend,

Weth a braanch to Tol Pedn, and one to Laand's
End.

What powers of folks sure, there comed in to gaape,
I were squabb'd 'gen the durnes, I were en a fine
shaape ;

Sich pocks and sich touzing, and when I had scrouged
en, I

Seed the pleace jist about wern't so laarge as my
linney.

Well, when I fetched en too, sich a scavel and gow

I ne'er heerd afore sure, why possed oop en a row

Was a score or some counsellors, all en discoose,

And a josing, and tearing, and making good coose.

About some'at they was so polrumpuous got,

Ef haalf sed two was two, t'other haalf sed 'twas not.

Well they argufied then, ef the roaad were but
maade,

There wud be there for sarten, a pure stem of traade,

And began for to axe of my comraades and I,

To tell up all they things, we thoft wud be carr'd by.

All the cotches, the wains, and the butts, all the
gaffers,

And the gammers, the childer, the hosses, the
yeffers ;

And sich mashes of turmits, and tubbans, and turves,

Fish, poltaties, and straungers, (which laast they
observes

Will en scools be like pilchers,) the scaal milk, and
veers,

Moils, poldavy, tin-stuff, copper ore, and mabyers,

With carts, Bâl-girls, and geoses, and appuls, and
cows.

Why they ouft to count choughs too and padgetepows.
Then they thoft et a pity rail-roaads was not maade,
Thof 'twere not for their fangings they cried up that
traade.

Ef they tried for to slock us, 'twere all for the best,
And our fortins was maade, ef our cuyn we ded 'vest.
Now I warny that there might be all pure and fitty,
Ef so be I were to the purvisioned committee ;
But then, doubting says I, thickey might be the
caase,

'Tes well for to fetch hoam, and lev out from this
plaace.

Then they some'at commerced about stags and stag-
nation,

And that ef we was stagg'd 'twere for good of the
naation.

But 'twud busy a long score of laayers, I tell'ee,
To rise some of they rail-roaads, to fatch any vallee.

SAUNDRY KEMPE, AND MALL TRELOARE.

'Twas kendle teening when jung Mall Treloare,
'Trudg'd hum fram Bâl fram bucking copper ore;
Har clathing hard and rough, black was har eye,
Har faace and arms like stuff fram Keryer Kye.
Full but she mit jung Saundry Kempe, who long
She had been token'd to, come fram Ding Dong,
Hes jacket wet, hes faace rud like hes beard,
And thro' hes squarded hat ees heer appear'd.
She sed, "Ah! Kempe I thoft of thee well'eer,
Thee's know that daay we wor to Bougee-heere.
That daay with caakes and ale by three o'clock
Thee stuf ma sa, I jist e'en crak't ma clock.
Jue sed to me, thee may'st depend tha life,
I love thee Mal, and thee shust be ma wife.
And to ma seeming 'tes good le'ma know,
Whether thy words wor all en jeast or na."

Saundry. Why, truly Mall, I like a thing ded saay,
That I wed hav thee next Chewidden daay;
But, sence that time, I like a thing ded heer,
Thee wort weth some one down, Mall, I know weer;
And that as how jue went in theer to drink
Now, es that fitty Mally what dost think?

Mally. Od rat thy body, Saundry, who sed so?
Now fath and trath, I'll know before I go,

Do le'ma knaw tha Glassenbury Dog.

Saundry. Why then, Crull sed, jue wor down to
Wheel bog

Weth hem and Tubban, and ded maake some tricks,
By dabbing claay at jungsters maaking bricks ;
And that fram theer jue went to Afe way ouse,
And drinkt some lecker, Mall, now that's down souse :
And that jue to hem like a thing ded saay,
Jue wed hav hem and I met go away.

Mally. I tell tha Loaber so ! I to Wheel bog !
I'll skat es chacks the emprent saucy dog ;
Now, hire ma Saundry Kempe, now fath and sole
Ef tha arn't hastis thee shust hire tha hole.
Fust jue must knaw 'tes true as thee art theer,
Ant Blanch and I went to Gulzinny Fear.
Who overtook't us in tha doosty road,
In cummin hoam, but Crull, tha clopping toade.
Ses him to Ant, "What cheer, then Blanch, what
cheer !

Jue maad good coose, suppoee jue ben to Fear."
"Why es," saays Ant, "ben theer a pewer spur,
I wedn't gone ef knaw'd had ben so fur,
I boft a peer of shoes for Sara's cheeld."
By this time look we cam jist by tha feeld,
We went to climber 'pon the timbren stile :
Ha kept es eye tho' 'pon me all the while.
Sez hem to Ant then, "Who es this bra maid ?
Cum tha waist along, why dostn't be afraaid.

Then mur'd my side terrectly like a thing,
And pull'd ma mantle and ha tuck't ma ching.
"How ar'ry jung umman," sez a, "how dost do?"
Sez I, "Jue saucy dog what's that to jue?
Pray keepe jure roaade, or else thee's hav a slap."
Then he footched some grat big doat figs in my lap.
So then I thoft as a had been so kind,
A mite go by Ant Blanch, ef 'ad a mind:
And so a ded, and took't Ant Blanches arm,
"Areer!" sed hem, "I dedn't thoft no harm."
So then Ant Blanch and hem ded talk and jeast,
'Bout dabbing claay and bricks at Perranfeast.

Saundry. Ah, hah! then Mall, 'twas theer tha
dabbed tha claay,

Mally. Please father, Kempe, 'tes true what I do
saay;

And hire ma naw, please sure, a dedn't budge
From Anty's arm, till jist this side Long brudge.
And then sez him to Ant, "Shall we go in
To Afe way ouse, and hav a dram of gin
And treacle mix't, depend al do es good,
Taake up the swet, and set terites the blood."
So Ant ded saay, sich things she dedn't chuse,
And squeezed my arm, and like a thing refuse.
So when we past along by Wheel bog moor,
A jumpt behind and pack't es into door.
A call'd for gin, and brandy too I think;
He clunk't the brandy, we tha gin ded drink,

And wen a wished good nite, as es tha caase,
 A kist Ant Blanch, and e'sn jist tutch'd my faace.
 Now, Saundry Kempe, theer's nothing sure in this
 To my mind then, that thee shust take amiss.

Saundry. No fath then, Mall, ef this es all and true
 I shud have done the same, ef I was jue.

Mally. Nex time in eny ouse I see or heer am
 I'll down upon the planching, rat am teer am,
 And will so poam am——

Saundry. Hush now, Mally, hush,
 Our Kepen's theer, es jist by thicky bush.
 And as es heer so close along tha waay,
 I wedn't wish a knaw'd what we do saay.
 But jet I dedn't care now, fath and sole,
 Ef so be Kepen was to hire tha hole.
 How ar'ry, Kepen, war be going so fast?
 Jue are dreeving hoam suppose, jue are in sich haste.

Captain. Whoo's that then, Saundry, art'en thee
 ashamed,
 To coosy so agen? thee west be blamed
 Ef thee stays heer all nite to prate with Mall.
 When 'tes thy cour, thee west'en com to Ball.
 And thee art a lobba now, I tell tha so,
 I'll tell the owners, ef thee duss'en go.

Saundry. Why, harky, Kepen, dont'ee skoal pon I,
 Tutch pipe a crum, jull knaw tha reason why.
 Cousin Mall and I been courting 'bout afe aer;
 Hold up tha head, Mall, don't be shamed, dost heer?

26 SAUNDRY KEMPE, AND MALL TRELOARE.

And Crull one daay maad greef 'twixt I and shee,
And hem shall smurt for't now I swear by G.
A toald ma lies so round as eny cup,
Now Mall and I hav mit we'eve made it up,
So Kepen that's tha waay I stopt I wow.

Captain. Ah hah! I dedn't giss tha cause jest now.
But, what dost think of that laast stun of ore?

Saundry. Why, pewer keenly gossan, Kepen,
shure.

I bleeve that day, ef Franky's peere worn't drunk,
We shud have pewer stuff too fram the lump.
But theer 'tes al good time as people saay,
The Slockan now han't thrown es fur awaay.
So hope to have bra tummals soon to grass.
How ded laast batch down to Jandower pass?

Captain. Why, hang jer body, Saundry, shud I
stay.

Thee's keep thy clacker going tell 'tes daay.
Go, speak to Mally now, jue foolish tooade,
I wish boath well, and now I'll keep ma rooad.

Saundry. Good speed 'tye, Kepen, then I wish 'er
well.

Mall, weer art a, dussen a hire ma Mall?
Don't go awaay, why jue must think of this,
Afore we part Mall, I must hav a kiss.
She wiped her muzzle fram the mundic stuff.
And he rubb'd his a little stain'd with snuff.
Now theer, Mall, theer, good nitey, Mall, 'tes right
To stop a crum.

Mall. Good nitey, Kempe, good nite.

TOM PENGERSICK AND DIC TRENGURTHA.

Tom. Wher' art a going, cousin Dic? then so
hastis Cheeld-Vean?

Dic. Fatching home to church-town. Why I've
ben into Preen.

Tom. Hast a trath! Why, what wast a doing in
there?

Dic. Thee mays't giss to the case, and thee know'st
'tes Preen Fere.

Tom. No please shore, then, I ded'end;—ef so be
I'd a know'n et,
I'd a streev'd to have sold thickey mare that I've got.
But deds't fang, any money? as a body may say.

Dic. Aye! I fouched the rud gale and whit yeffer
away.

Sich powerful tummals of beastes was there,
One cud gist e'ne scrouge room for to stond in the
fere.

Tom. But what dedst a make of the yeffer and
cafe?

Dic. Why I sould them please shore for three
guineas and hafe.

Tom. Then shore to my seeming, twor money
anow.

But dest a mit as thee comst arra rud and whit
cow ?

Dic. Aye I zeed thicky cow thee bofst Friday wor
sennet,

For fifty odd shellings, of un Margery Bennet :
A wor got as 'twor picking about on the rudge,
Down by uncle Dic Lugg's there by Ponds-a-Nooth
Brudge.

Tom. Tes the crookedest tod, Dic, that ever thee
see'st,
For she skeses about like a thing that's possess't,

Dic. Take a pretty thick balch, Tom, and make
her a span ;
Then leave her jump hedges, as fast as she can.

Tom. Fath I'll span her, and then if the boundses
she break,
I'll go dreeve her to market, and sell her next week.
But deds't a buy any thing when thee wast in the
Fere ?

Dic. Arrear, Pattic ! dest think I'm come leary
from there ?

In one marchant's shop I bestow'd, to be shore,
In Poldavy and Linclath five shelling or more ;
Besides, I've got ferrings and sweetmeats anow,
Ef so be thee'st amind, thee shust have some to chow :
Dest a like men with Ame-nuts or zeeds best inside ?
For a whole hafe a pound I ashore thee I bide.

Tom. I thank thee—I'll take hafe a dozen, or so.
But what hast a zeed ?—Tes so good for to know.

Dic. Why, the Mountebag Doctor, as the people
do cale,
Got a stonding poss'd up 'genst the market-house
wale,
And the man in the spiccaty jacket was there,
And a made all the fun of the world in the Fere.
While another man played on the music so good,
I war murely ready to daunce where I stood.

Tom. But dest buy any Mountebag's physic or not ?

Dic. Arrear, Pattick ! look here—zee, what tum-
mal's I've got :

Here es one for to cure zore legs and zore eyes,
Thickey there en the bottle cures ev'ry disease,
This here en the paper cures scaldings and burns,
Thickey green as a lic, es to dreeve away corns.

Tom. Shore I bleve they are mighty good med-
sens as how,

For I boft some to Trura 'bout three years ago :
And a cur'd Mally's leg when a rankled and swelled,
And the back of the beast that war cruelly galed.
But ded Merry-man strick up his outlandish games ?

Dic. Aye, a caled the poor Doctor a mashes of
names ;

And a made sickey hubbub as never was heard,
About an ould codgar that had a gray beard,
And as how that a horse once mistook it for hay,
And had like to have snapt ale the chacks aun away.

30 TOM PENGERSICK AND DIC TRENGURTHA.

Tom. Tes as well to go wemma and put home the
cow,

As to stond here a houlding a scavel-and-gow.

Dic. I wed go weth a Tom, cud I fittily stay,
But the old peer of moiles hant been water'd to day :
This morning I turn'd them ale into the craft,
May be when 'tes durk they may fale in a shaft.
Tes cuming ale durkish, or else I wud stay.

Tom. Then I wish thee good night, ef thee west go
away.

JOB MUNGLAR AND JAN TRUDLE.

Job Munglar. Loard! Uncle Jan Trudle, dost a
hire the news?

How belike we shall stompey in tembreen shoes?
For the Franchmen and Spangars be coaming they
saey,

For to carry us ale fram ould England away.

Jan Trudle. Hould tha toang, tha great Toatledum
pattick of Newlyn

What becaze the ould wemmen be dwaling and dru-
ling

And fright'ning one t'other with gobblin and goastes
And a squaling "Tha Franchmen be got 'pon the
coastes!"

Shoar tha beestn'n sich a white liver'd saft-bak'd
timdoodle,

As to think they'll titch ground this'm side of the
poodle.

Noa—drat'em? they weant bring thick noashion to
bear,

While there's bould Cornish curridge to give 'em a
cheer.

And trust me, Job Munglar, I'll weage my ould hat!
They have too much of slydom to venture 'pon that

Besides, ef they shud, as a body may saey,
Dust a think that we'd let em goa deancing awaey?
Noa.—Fath! thof I stand here so ould as thy vaa-
ther,
And thee and thy bastards all reckon'd togeather;
Thof I'm laame in ma click-hand and blind 'pon one
eye,
Yet by gambers! Jan Trudle would scoarn to fight
shy,
Or stand goggling for gapes like an owl at an eagle,
Or yewling jist ain like a Janny Tregeagle!
Noa—dust hire ma! Job Munglar, cheeld vean!
dest a hire?

There's noa mortal can saey I'm afeard to stand fire:
And thee knast et for sartin as how and so be,
When the marchants wor sheppin the bearley dest see,
And we run'd off to Padsta, to nack their purceedings,
Ded I mind the riat-act-man and es readings?
Noa—I caal'd out the hubbar—soa hard as I cud,
And cried, stand to et boys for bearley or blood!
And when ale the soadgers ded loady their guns,
I made tha purpoashals to doust 'am weth stoans.
Soa we cobb'd et awaey jist like lyants and tygars,
Till we made 'am at laste fale a snapping the trigars;
And drat ma! Job Munglar! I'm bould for to saey,
That I stav'd down three rud coats so dead as a
draey.

But I scorn to stand speeching braggashans and soa,
As all round the Bâl here do very well knoaw.

Yet in caze, ef so be, as the Papishes coame,
 For to rouse us ale out fram our houzen and hoam,
 I'll be cut up in slivers for meat for the croaws,
 Ef I doant slam this tamlyn souse into their joaws.
 Thof I've been ever sense that I noozled the nepple,
 Durk as pitch a won side, and a hafe of a crapple,
 Yet I've heart's-blood enow ef we chance to fale too't,
 For to murder five Franch and a Spangar to boot !
 But et es noa moar likely to coam unto pass,
 Than thick moyle to fale taalking like Balaamses
 ass !

Job. Well ! that maey be thickey suppoashals of
 thine,
 But fath ! 'tes noa mazedish condudle of mine !
 Noa—soa sartin as thickey there plaace es Kearn
 Braey,
 The Franchmen be coaming to car us awaey ;
 They've five hundred great ships, and a mashes of
 men,
 And sick powars of cannans, as never was sen !
 But the worstests of ale (ses a man cum'd fram
 Famuth)
 They've swar'd to burn ale from Tol Pedn to Pli-
 muth ;
 And to force ale the people boath Christians and
 Jews,
 For to live upon quilkins and pagatepooes ;
 And moar too than thickey, they'll hitch in a roap
 Every soual that wean't pray to the Devel and Poap !

Thoaf I bean't quite soa rich like in cuyn as a squire,
 Yet I've some lettles cobshans, Jan Trudle, dest hire ?
 Soa, for doubting cheeld, lookey ! I've steev'd at oak
 farm,

And fast bind et, fast find et, wean't do one noa harm.
 Soa for doubting cheeld vean ! (as I tould thee afoar)
 I've a squadg'd et down ninety good fathums and
 moar.

In a drang, where Ould Scratch, ef ha ever inclin'd et,
 Might sclau ale es claws off, afoar he wud find et.
 For the outlandish Pagans in caze they do landey ;
 Will go drifting for cuyn like excise-men for brandy ;
 But ef ever they smill out the pleace where I've
 poat et,

May my corps like a pelchard be salted and goated !

Jan. Why thin zounds ! let am coam, ef so be
 they've a mind !

Thee hast shanks for to skeyce with the fardle be-
 hind,

Thee mayest scamp with the wemmen and cheldren,
 thee goose !

And the oather gret gaukums that take the same coose :
 But let all the big thunderbolts up in the clouds
 Tumble down 'pon my body and squat am to
 jowds,

May I broyl like grain-tin en a blowing-houze fire,
 'Tell I'm rud as the smith makes the pieces of ire ;

I ween'tbes hu t ded afoar any soup-meagar
 Shall slavify me like a blackey moor negar,

And make me eat quilkins and pagetepooes,
And woorship the Devel, and wear 'oaden shoes !
Noa, fath ! by the spirit and soal of my body,
I'd rather be toarn'd to a hoddymandoddy !
Doan't stand tha great lutterpooch ! chowing tha
thumb,
For they'll get a mayn dousting whenever they coam !

TOM TRELORE AND MAL.

1.

As Tom was a walking one fine summer's morn,
When the dazies and goldcups the fields did adorn ;
He met cozen Mal, with the tub on her head.
Says Tom, "Cosen Mal, thee might speak if you we'd."

2.

But Mal, stamp'd along, and appear'd to be shy ;
And Tom sing'd out, "Zounds, I'll knaw of thee why."
So back he tore a'ter in terrible fuss,
And ask'd cozen Mal, "What's the reason of thus?"

3.

"Tom Trelore," cried out Mal, "I'll nothing do wi'ee,
Go to Fanny Trembath, she do knaw how I'm shy :
Tom there's here t'other daa, down the hill thou didst
stap,
And dab'd a great doat fig in Fan Trembaa's lap."

4.

"Why Mal, cozen Mal," cried Trelore, "'tes a shaame,
Thee we'st leave me, and cry like I'd ca'ald thee bad
naame,
But, blame me, I'd heave thee stam bang in the detch,
Ef the roads warn't so slottery, thee stramming young
wretch.

5.

“As for Fanny Trembaa, I ne’er talk’d with her twice,
And giv’d her a doat fig they sure are so nice!
So, I’ll tell thee, I went to the Fear t’other day,
And the doat figs I boft, I saved them away.”

6.

Says Mal, “Tom Trellore, ef that be the caase,
May the Lord bless for ever thy sweet pretty faace,
Ef thee’st give me thy doat figs thee’st boft in the
Fear,
I’le swear to thee now, thee shu’st marry me here.”

JAN KNUCKEY AND GRAACEY.

Jan Knuckey were a miner bould
As ever was to Bâl,
And cruel good cu'd wrastle too
And thraw a tidy fall.

When prink'd too en es Soonda' cloase
He braave and proper seem'd,
At Church too the base viol scraaped
Until the great crowd scream'd.

Now, up along to Church-town lived
A fine and thoomping daame
She were pure stout, as were her poorse,
Aunt Graacey were her naame.

Now Graacey had for many years
A little shop like keep'd
Where things for ould and childer too
Promiskusly was keep'd.

Tea, doat figs, and poldavy too
Cloam buzzas on the planching,
Scaal'd cream, and crocks, and coajer's end,
And apples ripe for scranching.

'Baccy, with cowals for the chowters,
Saalt pilchers, and some 'taties,
Eggs, clidgy, traade, and hoganbags,
Gowks, sparables, and lattice.

Aunt Graacey had some mabjers too,
A pig's-crow and a midden,
And sometimes sould a fine fat fowl,
Sometimes the piggy-whidden.

Some cobshans she'd a saaved away ;
Jan hadn't a got none ;
Yet, thof she were a titch too ould,
He thoft they might be one.

But Graacey were a keen chap too,
She were no drumbledrane ;
And weth her fangings or herself,
To part she dedn't a meane.

Well Jan, he fetch'd es coorse one day
To tell es mind to Graace,
But when he got un ento doors
She were not en the plaace.

A kicklish fuss he heerd up stairs,
And soon 'caase why he knew,
The seeling being deaf was scat
And Graace fell half way through.

“ What am I best to do ?” says Jan,
“ She es no pedn-paly ;
She caan’t scrouge through, she’ll sure be squabb’d,
She do make bad coose raally.”

At last she squeedg’d and pooted through,
Flopt on the taable there,
And over-thraw’d as she fall’d down
A hepping-stock and cheer.

The cream were scud, the pilchers squash’d,
Some ’taties were mash’d quite,
Jan ’gen the winder joomp’d back mazed
And crazed a squeer outright.

At length she sot herself to rights
And made the plaace look fitty,
’Twere plase sure en a cruel shaape,
Et raally were a pity.

Then Knuckey rubb’d es hat all round,
And squinnied on the flure,
Next thraw’d es eyes about the shop,
And then agen the doore.

“ Arrear ! Aunt Graace, how ar’ee then ?
I wish thee bean’t abruis’d,
Thee down along ded’st come to shop
By roaad that esn’t used.

“ ’Tis boosting work, to make good coose,
Weth shanks on nothing dancing
I thoft the punnion-end were in,
When thee pooted through the planching.”

“ Now, hould tha tongue, thee lutter-pouch,
I’m quite bedoled and frightened ;
I knock’d ma cheens agen the scoanse,”
Says Grace, “ when I alighted.”

Says Jan, “ It were an awkward cant,
But don’t be creening pray ;
And lev us quat while thee dost hear
What I’ve a got to say :

“ That there is this, I do’ee love,
When shall us be axed out ?
Lev you and I keep company—”
Graace giv’d un then a clout.

“ Thee mazedish moile ! thee dreuling dog
Thee quilkin ! thee timdoodle !
I be axed out ! keep company !
Get thee to doors, thee noodle.

“ Thee lobbar, thee art totling ’fath,
Sich imperance I ne’er seed ;
What, give my cobshans up to thee !
Be Mistress Jan ended !”

“ Auh! skid the wheel,” than Jan ded cry,

“ And dont’ee drive so forthy,
Lev’s screedle o’er the fire a bit,
I knaw thee’st find me worthy.

“ Now lev us have no fussing more

And doant’ee tak’t amiss
Ef that I ax before we parts
A little crum of kiss.”

But Graacey’s bristles now was up,

She scat and poot by turns,
Then cotch’d un by the scuff of’s neck
And footched un through the durnes.

The coose of love et hav been said

Do seldom suant run,
Ef en soome caases et may be
Jan Knuckey’s wasn’t one.

GRACEY PENVEOR AND MALLY TREVISKEY.

Gracey. 'Fath and trath then I bleeve in ten
parishes round,
Sich a roag, sich a vellan es not to be found.

Mally. What's the fussing, An Gracey, long weth
a cheel vean?

Gracey. A fussing aketha, od splet es ould breen,
Our Martin's come hum, cheeld, so drunk as a baist,
And so cross as the gallish from Perranzan Veast,
A cum in a totterin, a cussing, and sweering,
So hard as the Stompse a tarving and teering.

Mally. Never mind it, An Gracey, you poat 'un
to bed,
A'l sleap all the likur away from es head.

Gracey. I'd not go anes en to gat the King's
crown,
For a sweers ef I spake to en, a'l clave ma skull
down,
That never in all tha boarn days, fath and shore,
Did'st behold sich a maze Jerry Pattick afore.
Why he scat all to midjans and jouds for the noanse
A cloam buzza of scal milk, about in the coanse.

And snatch'd up a shoul, for to stave ma ought rite,
But I'm run'd away, reddy to fainty for frite.
Loard ! tell ma, An Mally, what shall I do by un,
For Downtikens death, I'm afeard to come nigh un.

Mally. I knaw what I'd gie un, ef so be 'twas
my case,
I'd scat the ould chacks o'n, I'd trem un, An Grace.

Gracey. I'm afeard o' my life to cum ny the ould
villan,
Else, plase Father, I bleeve, I shud parfety kill un.
But, I'll never no more be so baled and abused,
My heep here like bazzom, the roag hath abruised.
I made for his supper, a muggety pye,
But a sha'nt clunk a croom on't, I wesh I ma die.

Mally. Ay, I tould tha before the job was adone,
That tha'd'st cum to repent on't so shoar as a gun.
But thu'dn'st hark to ma, nat douting for why,
That besure that tha knowd'st un much better
than I.

But I know'd the good trem an before thou'st a goat
un,
I'd ha tould tha of mashes of storeys about un ;
But tha answerd'st so toytish and scrinkt up thy
noase,

A gissing 'twas great straming lies I suppose.
But there's one of es pranks I shall always re-
member,
'Twill be three years ago, cum the aighth of No-
vember,

I'd two pratty young mabjers as eye cud behold,
So fat as the buter, jist nineteen weeks ould ;
They were peeking about in the town-place for meat,
So I hove down some pellas amongst 'em to eat ;
When, who but your man com a tott'ring along,
So drunk that I thoft fath, he'd fall in the doong.
A let tumble hes hoggan bag jist by the dour,
So I cal'd to the man, as one woud to be shoar.
Says I, " Martin, dost hire, cheel, tak up tha bag."
" Area," says a, " for what art a caleing me dog ?"
And run'd forth towards ma, nar better nar warse,
Nack't the mabjers both stiff we' a great maur of
furz.

Like enow ef I hadn't goat hastys away,
A'd ha dun as a ded weth Jan kous t'other deay,
When a goat en es tantrums, a wilful ould devil,
And slamm'd the poor man in the head we' a kibbell.
'Fath and soul then, An Gracey, ef so be a don't
aleter,

I beleeve en ma conshance, a'll poot in a haleter.

Gracey. Whin tha cyder es run'd away every
drap,

'T'es too late to bethink one of stapping the tap.
And marrage must go on as God doth ordane ;
But a parson woud swear to be used so, cheel vean,
Had I found out the coose on, but nine weaks ago,
I'd never a had tha ould villan a know.
But a vowed and a swore that ef I'd be his wife,
That I never shud want all the days of es life ;

And broft me a nackin and corn saive from Preen,
 In ma conshance thoft I, I shall live like a queen.
 But 'tes plaguy purvoking, ods burn es ould head,
 To be pooted and flopt so, I wesh a was dead.
 Why a spent all hes fanging laste Saturda nite:
 Like enow by this time, tes gone every dite.
 But I'll tame the ould devil, afore it es long,
 Ef I can't we ma veist-es, I will we' ma tongue.

THE BAARLEY MOW.

HERE'S a health to the baarley mow, my braave boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.
We'll drenk et out of the jolly brown boul,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to the baarley mow, my braave boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

We'll drenk it out of the nepperkin, boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.
The nepperkin, and the jolly brown boul.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to the baarley mow, my braave boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

We'll drenk et out of the quaarter pint, boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.
The quaarter pint, nepperkin, and the jolly brown
boul.

Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the haalf a pint, boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

The haalf a pint, quaarter pint, nepperkin, and the
jolly brown boul.

Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the pint, my braave boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

The pint, the haalf a pint, quaarter pint, nepperkin,
and the jolly brown boul.

Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the quaart, my braave boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

The quaart, the pint, the haalf a pint, quarter pint,
nepperkin, and the jolly brown boul.

Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the pottle, my boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

The pottle, the quaart, the pint, the haalf a pint,
quaarter pint, nepperkin, and the jolly brown
boul.

Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the gallon, my boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

The gallon, the pottle, the quaart, the pint, the haalf
a pint, quaarter pint, nepperkin, and the jolly
brown boul.

Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the haalf ainker, boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.
The haalf ainker, gallon, the pottle, the quaart, the
pint, the haalf a pint, quaarter pint, nepperkin,
and the jolly brown boul.
Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the ainker, my boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.
The ainker, the haalf ainker, gallon, the pottle, the
quaart, the pint, the haalf a pint, quaarter pint,
nepperkin, and the jolly brown boul.
Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the haalf hoosghead, boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.
The haalf hoosghead, ainker, the haalf ainker, gallon,
the pottle, the quaart, the pint, the haalf a pint,
quaarter pint, nepperkin, and the jolly brown
boul.
Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the hoosghead, my boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.
The hoosghead, the haalf hoosghead, ainker, the
haalf ainker, gallon, the pottle, the quaart, the
pint, the haalf a pint, quaarter pint, nepperkin,
and the jolly brown boul.
Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the well, my braave boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

The well, the hoosghead, the haalf hoosghead, ainker,
the haalf ainker, gallon, the pottle, the quaart,
the pint, the haalf a pint, quaarter pint, nepper-
kin, and the jolly brown boul.

Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the rever, my boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

The rever, the well, the hoosghead, the haalf hoosg-
head, ainker, the haalf ainker, gallon, the pottle,
the quaart, the pint, the haalf a pint, quaarter
pint, nepperkin, and the jolly brown boul.

Here's a health, &c. (Chorus.)

We'll drenk et out of the ocean, my boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

The ocean, the rever, the well, the hoosghead, the
haalf hoosghead, ainker, the haalf ainker, gallon,
the pottle, the quaart, the pint, the haalf a pint,
quaarter pint, nepperkin, and the jolly brown
boul.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to the baarley mow, my braave boys,
Here's a health to the baarley mow.

THE PORTMANTLE.

AN ould man found, one day, a yung gentleman's portmantle, as he were a going to es dennar; he took'd et en and gived et to es wife, and said: "Mally, here's a roul of lither, look, see, I suppoase some poor ould shoe-maker or other have los'en, tak'en and put'en a top of the teaster of tha bed, he'll be glad to hab'en agen sum day, I dear say." The ould man, Jan, that was es neame, went to es work as before. Mally then open'd the portmantle, and found en et three hunderd pounds. Soon after thes, the ould man not being very well, Mally said: "Jan, I've saaved away a little money, by the bye, and as thee caan't read or write, thee shu'st go to scool:" (he were then nigh threescore and ten). He went but a very short time, and comed hoam one day, and said: "Mally, I wain't go to scool no more, 'caase the childer do be laffen at me, they can tell their letters, and I caan't tell my A. B. C., and I wud rayther go to work agen." "Do as thee wool," ses Mally. Jan had not ben out many days, afore the yung gentleman came by that lost the portmantle, and said, "Well, my ould man, did'ee see or hear tell of sich a thing as a portmantle?" "Portmantle, Sar, was't that un, sumthing like thickey?" (pointing to

one behind es saddle). “I found one the t’other day zackly like that.” “Where es et?” “Come along, I carr’d’en en and gov’en to my wife Mally, thee sha’t av’en. Mally, where es that roul of lither that I giv’d tha the t’other day?” “What roul of lither?” said Mally. “The roul of lither I broft en and tould tha to put’en a top of the teaster of the bed, afore I go’d to school.” “’Drat tha emperance,” said the gentleman, “thee art betwattled, that was before I were born.”

ACCOUNT OF A CHRESTMAS PLAY.

I WERE oop to cozen Nic Carnoweth's laast New Year's Eve, and ef so be thee do wesh, thee shu'st knaw tne whole coose of et. We'd a fine denar sure enough ; a few broth, a couple of as nice ploffy yung mabjers as one wed wesh to put a knife en, a starry-gazy pie, and a thoomping figgy pudden ; and aafter that a little coostom.—And so we discoosed away quite comfortable like about the Chrestmas stock oontell the evenen when some more neybors comed among us soon after teening time, and we was a braave coompany ; and then us had soome heavy caake and scaal cream and fogans. Well, when we was well glut, and we'd a nigh crack'd our craws we thoft we wed have some make-games and sich like, but afore we cu'd git no further in thickey theere notions, there comed en a grinning gaukum, and tould us as how a giz-daunce was to door with the auntient play of St. George, so as I niver had seen sich condudles afore I gived my censure for they, thof cozen Nic wed have strove me down agen them, but we lev'd he alone and dedn't mind un. So in they comed, and we made hoam the door to stop out any of they straange chaps who was a scrouging en ; and then the shaw begin'd en a jeffy. There was ould Feyther Chrestmas, a

funny ould codger, weth a make-wise feace possed on top of his aun, and es long white wig, trapesing about and getting en es tantrums, like for to make thee splet tha sides ; and there were the doctor as they caal'd un with a three-corner piked hat, and es feace all rudded and whited, with spurticles on top of es nawse And there was one en a maiden's bed-gound and coats with ribands, and a nackin en es hand and a gowk, and the other yungsters was en white weth ribands tied all upon their shirt sleeves with nackins and swords and sich caps as I niver seed. They was half a fathom high maade of pastyboord, weth powers of beads and loaking glass, and other noshions, and shrids of ould cloth stringed 'pon slivers of pith hanging down—so, they strutted about so braave and rumbustious as lubber-cocks. And then they gived the word to begin, and ould Feyther Chrestmas stepped out, and said—

“ Here comes I, ould Feyther Chrestmas,
Welcome or welcome not,
I do hope ould Feyther Chrestmas,
Will never be forgot.

I am not a comed here, for to laugh or to jeer,
But for a pocket-full of money, and a skin-full of beer ;
Ef you will not beleeve what I do say,
Come en the bould Toorkish Knight—clear the way.”

The ould gaffer then scrambled oop and down the room, shawing a curius figur, and when he'd a tarvied

about so as to make enough sport, in comed the Toorkish Knight, and said,—

“ Here comes I, a Toorkish Knight,
Comed from the Toorkish land to fight;
And ef Saint George do meet me here,
I’ll try es courage wewithout fear.”

Then a yungster comed out very forthy, “ Here come I, St. George.” Anan! says I, none of thy doodling, thee bean’t St. George, no more than me; as ef I dedn’t knaw thee wast Jan Trelubbas down to Nancegibbie croft. St. George aketha! why I do knaw all the havage of thee, thee crazed hoddymandoddy, for all tha braave cloase. Hoosh! says my cozen, what’s the odds, dont’ee knaw ’tes aunly play-acting like, making wise as a body may say. Auh! says I to he, that’s of et es et, well lev he be St. George then in coose; so away to go agen.—

“ Here comes I, St. George, that worthy champion bould,
And weth my sword and spear, I winn’d three crouns of gould.
I fout the dragon bould, and broft un to the slaughter,
By that I gain’d fair Sabra, the King of Egypt’s daughter.”

Then the Toorkish Knight stepped up to he, and said—

“ St. George I pray be not too bould,
Ef thy blood be hot I’ll soon make et could.”

And St. George ded answer he,

“ Thou Toorkish Knight I pray forbear,
I’ll make thee dread my sword and spear.”

Then they goes to fight, and tears away like the Stampses, and the Toorkish knight do fall upon the planchen, and do try to get up, but St. George do stank upon em and wain't lev him to, when he do seem afeard and do say,

“ Oh ! pardon me St. George, oh ! pardon me I crave,
Oh ! pardon me thes once, and I well be thy slave.”

St. George do answer—

“ I'll never pardon a Toorkish Knight,
Therefore arise and try thy might.”

Then he do immedjantly get up, and away they cuts life for life, untell the Knight do receive sich a whap, that he do fall dead. St. George ded cry out as ef mazed ;

“ Es there a Doctor to be found
To cure a deep and deadly wound ?”

And the Doctor comed forward as ef to pomster the dead Toork—

“ Auh ! yes there es a Doctor to be found,
To cure a deep and deadly wound.”

“ What can'ee cure ?” says ould Feyther Chrestmas.

“ All sorts of diseases,
Whatever theese pleases ;
The itch, the palsy, and the gout,
Ef the deuce es en him, I'll pull en out.”

“ And what is thy fee ?”

“ Fefteen pound et es my fee,
The money to lay down ;
But as 'tes sich a roag as he
I'll cure en for ten pound.

I do carr a little bottle of alicumpane
Here Jack, take a lettle of my flip-flap,
Pour et down thy tip-top,
Rise up and fight agen."

So the Doctor ded cure he, and away to fight agen,
but St. George were too much for he, and kill'd un
as dead as a saalt pilcher and ded cry—

"Here comes I, St. George, from Britain I ded spring,
I'll fight the Dragon bould, my wonders to begin:
I'll clip es wings that he shain't fly,
I'll cut un down or else I die."

Then forth comed the Dragon—

"Who es he that do seek the Dragon's bloud,
And do call so angry, and so loud?
That English dog, well he before me stand?
I'll cut un down weth my bould hand
Weth my long teeth, and scurvy jaw,
I'll seize un up wethin my maw,
Of sich I'd break up hafe a score,
And stay my stomach, tell I'd more."

Then they fights, tell the Dragon es thraw'd, and the
Doctor do come agen, and they discoos as they ded
afore, and jist after I seed one step out, as they
caal'd the King of Egypt's daughter, but I knaw'd
he, so I said, Nan! nan! I caan't lev thes quiet, I
am better speak please sure, it ain't fitty to have sich
strams, I am better not hould my tongue no longer.
What! call he a maiden, why, I do knaw he for a
buddle boy up along to Bâl.—Now do'ee be quiet,

Sose, says cozen Nic, titch pipe a few, why I tell'ee he be aunly a maiden for the nonce, do'ee be quiet thee assneger, or thee'st be turned to doors. Auh! well, says I, a fine passel of toatledum patticks they be sure enough, lev them make heaste on—and St. George said—

“ Gentlemen and ladies, the sport is almost ended,
Come pay to the box, et es highly commended ;
The box et wud speak ef et had but a tongue,
Come thraw en your money and thenk et no wrong.”

So we giv'd them some cuyn 'caase they shudn't go away leary, and they sing'd a song weth a daance, and off they trampses, and us to our geames agen. At supper we'd a got squab pie and mashes of 'taties and pilchers, and then some curll singing, and finished weth Tom Toddy, where one do take oop es cup of licker, and do put ento et a piece of candle lighted, and his comraades do sing,

“ Tom Toddy es come hoam, come hoam,
Tom Toddy es come hoam,
Weth es eyes burnt, and es nawse burnt,
and es eye-lids burnt also.
Tom Toddy es come hoam, come hoam,
Tom Toddy es come hoam.”

And he do try and drenk up es licker en the mean time and depend on't 'tes pure sport to see how the candle do flop agen es feace, and nawse, as et be so kicklish; and et made me quite timersome, and I thoft I shu'd have clunk't candle and all when it

comed to me, and were en a cruel taking. Well then we said good night'ee, and when we got to door, we thoft there had ben lashes of rain, but it were but a skew; how so be et maade the roaad all sloshy and slottery, and as my coorse were up Clodgy laane, I were en a pretty shaape when I fetched hoam; and were glad to put ma head 'pon the pellowe bere, 'ees fye I were: but I've ben a bit hoozy sence. And Aunt Betty had a ben too forthey en teeming out her licker, and p'raps were a little boosy, and she were found 'pon the sea shoare, laid down as ef she were to bed, and the water were comed oop to her feace and flopping agen et, and she were a saying quite genteely like, "Nat a drap more, nat a drap more, thankee."

PART SECOND.

THE FURRY-DAY SONG.

Robin Hood and Little John,
They both are gone to Fair, O,
And we will go to the merry green wood
To see what they do there, O
And for to chase, O,
To chase the buck and doe,
With Halantow,
Rumbelow !
For we were up as soon as any day, O,
And for to fetch the Summer home.
The Summer, and the May, O,
For Summer is a-come, O,
And Winter is agone, O !

Where are those Spaniards,
That make so great a boast, O ?
They shall eat the grey goose feather,
And we will eat the roast, O ;
In every land, O,
The land, where'er we go.
With Halantow, &c.

As for St. George, O,
 Saint George, he was a Knight, O!
Of all the Knights in Christendom,
 Saint Georgy is the right, O!
In every land, O,
The land where'er we go.
 With Halantow, &c.

God bless Aunt Mary Moses,
 And all her powers and might, O,
And send us peace in merry England,
 Both day and night, O,
And send us peace in merry England,
Both now and evermore, O!
 With Halantow, &c.

SONG

MADE ON SIR JONATHAN TRELAWNY, BART.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true ;
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish men can do.

And have they fix'd the Where and When,
And shall Trelawny die ?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !

Out spake the Captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he,
Tho' London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'd set Trelawny free !

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay ;
And side by side, and hand in hand
And who shall bid us nay !

And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth ! come forth ! ye cowards all ;
Here are better men than you.

Trelawny he's in keep and hold :
Trelawny he may die !—
But twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know "The reason why."

ON ST. KAYNE'S WELL.

In name, in shape, in quality,
This well is very quaint;
The name, to lot of *Kayne* befell,
No ouer-holy Saint.

The shape, 4 trees of diuers kinde,
Withy, Oke, Elme and Ash,
Make with their roots an arched roofe,
Whose floore this spring doth wash.

The quality, that man or wife,
Whose chance, or choice attaines,
First of this sacred streame to drinke,
Thereby the mastery gaines.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country,
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the banks above,
Droops to the waters below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
Pleasant it was to his eye ;
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

“Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?” quoth he:

“For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an if she have, I’ll venture my life,
She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne.”

“I have left a good woman who never was here;”
The stranger he made reply,
“But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.”

“St. Keyne,” quoth the countryman, “many a time,
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

“If the husband of this gifted well,
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.”

“But if the wife should drink of it first,
God bless the husband then.”
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

“You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes,”
He to the countryman said,
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

“I hasten’d as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch,
But i’faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.”

JOHN DORY.

As it fell on a holy day,
And upon a holytide a :
John Dory brought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate a ;
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
To let him in thereat a.

The first man that John Dory did meet ,
Was good King John of France a ;
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance a.

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
For my merry men and for me a :
And all the churls in merry England
I'll bring them bound to thee a.

And Nichol was then a Cornish man
A little beside Bohyde a ;
He manned him forth a goodly bark,
With fifty good oars of a side a.

Run up, my boy, into the main top,
And look what thy cans't spy a;
Who, ho ! who, ho ! a good ship do I see,
I trow it be John Dory a.

They hoist their sails both top and top,
The mizen and all was tried a,
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatever should betide a.

The roaring cannons then were plied,
And dub-a-dub went the drum a :
The braying trumpets loud they cried,
To courage both all and some a.

The grappling hooks were brought at length,
The brown bill and the sword a :
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
Was clapt fast under board a.

AN OLD BALLAD,

OF A DUKE OF CORNWALL'S DAUGHTER ;

WHO AFTER HER MARRIAGE TO A KING OF ALBION, WAS DIVORCED FOR
THE SAKE OF A FAVOURITE MISTRESS : AND HER EXEMPLARY REVENGE
ON THEM BOTH.

The facts upon which this Ballad is founded, may be seen in "The
British History, translated into English from the Latin of Jeffrey of
Monmouth ; by Aaron Thompson, Oxon. 1718, 8vo. p. 42." Among
the Plays falsely attributed to Shakespeare, is one upon the same
subject.

WHEN Humber in his wrathful rage
King Albanact in field had slain,
Whose bloody broils for to assuage,
King Locrin then applied his pain ;
And with a host of Britons stout,
At length he found king Humber out :

At vantage great he met him then,
And with his host beset him so,
That he destroyed his warlike men,
And Humber's power did overthrow ;
And Humber, which for fear did fly,
Leapt into a river desp'rately ;

And being drowned in the deep,
He left a lady their alive,
Which sadly did lament and weep,
For fear they should her life deprive.
But by her face that was so fair,
The king was caught in Cupid's snare :

He took this lady to his love,
Who secretly did keep it still;
So that the queen did quickly prove,
The king did bear her most good will :
Which though by wedlock late begun,
He had by her a gallant son.

Queen Guendolin was griev'd in mind,
To see the king was alter'd so :
At length the cause she chanc'd to find,
Which brought her to much bitter woe.
For Estrild was his joy (God wot),
By whom a daughter he begot.

The Duke of Cornwall being dead,
The father of that gallant queen :
The king with lust being overlaid,
His lawful wife he cast off clean :
Who with her dear and tender son,
For succour did to Cornwall run.

Then Locrin crowned Estrild bright,
And made of her his lawful wife :
With her which was his heart's delight,
He sweetly thought to lead his life.
Thus Guendolin, as one forlorn,
Did hold her wretched life in scorn.

But when the Cornish men did know
The great abuse she did endure,
With her a number great did go,
Which she by prayer did procure.
In battle then they march'd along,
For to redress this grievous wrong.

And near a river called Store,
The king with all his host she met ;
Where both the armies fought full sore,
But yet the queen the field did get :
Yet ere they did the conquest gain,
The king was with an arrow slain.

Then Guendolin did take in hand,
Until her son was come to age,
The government of all the land ;
But first her fury to assauge,
She did command her soldiers wild,
To drown both Estrild and her child.

Incontinent then they did bring
Fair Estrild to the river-side,
And Sabrine, daughter to a king,
Whom Guendolin could not abide ;
Who being bound together fast,
Into the river there were cast :

And ever since that running stream
Wherein the ladies drowned were,
Is called Severn through the realm,
Because that Sabrine died there.
Thus those that did to lewdness bend,
Were brought unto a woful end.

“THE STOUT CRIPPLE OF CORNWALL.

**WHEREIN IS SHEWED HIS DISSOLUTE LIFE AND
DESERVED DEATH.”**

OF a stout cripple that kept the high-way,
And begg'd for his living all time of the day,
A story I'll tell you that pleasant shall be,
The Cripple of Cornwall surnamed was he.

He crept on his hands and his knees up and down,
In a torn jacket and a ragged torn gown,
For he had never a leg to the knee,
The Cripple of Cornwall surnamed was he.

He was of a stomach courageous and stout,
For he had no cause to complain of the gout;
To go upon stilts most cunning was he,
With a staff on his neck most gallant to see.

Yea, no good fellowship would he forsake,
Were it in secret a horse for to take,
His stool he kept close in an hollow tree,
That stood from the city a mile two or three.

Thus all the day long he begg'd for relief,
And all the night long he played the false thief,
For seven years together this custom kept he,
And no man knew him such a person to be.

There were few graziers went on the way,
But unto the Cripple for passage did pay,
And every brave merchant that he did descry,
He emptied their purses ere they did pass by.

The noble Lord Courtney, both gallant and bold,
Rode forth with great plenty of silver and gold,
At Exeter there a purchase to pay,
But that the false Cripple the journey did stay.

For why, the false Cripple heard tidings of late,
As he sat for alms at the nobleman's gate,
This is, quoth the Cripple, a booty for me,
And I'll follow it closely, as closely may be.

Then to his companions the matter he mov'd,
Which their false actions before had prov'd,
They make themselves ready and deeply they swear,
The money's their own before they come there.

Upon his two stilts the Cripple did mount,
To have the best share it was his full account,
All cloathed in canvass down to the ground,
He took up his place his mates with him round.

Then came the Lord Courtney with half a score men,
Yet little suspecting these thieves in their den,
And they perceiving them come to their hand,
In a dark evening bid them to stand.

Deliver thy purse, quoth the Cripple, with speed,
We be good fellows and therefore have need,
Not so, quoth Lord Courtney, but this I'll tell ye,
Win it and wear it, else get none of me.

With that the Lord Courtney stood in his defence,
And so did his servants, but ere they went hence,
Two of the true men were slain in this fight,
And four of the thieves were put to the flight.

And while for their safeguard they run thus away,
The jolly bold Cripple did hold them in play,
And with his pike-staff he wounded them so,
As they were unable to run or to go.

With fighting the Lord Courtney was out of breath,
And most of his servants were wounded to death,
Then came other horsemen riding so fast,
The Cripple was forced to fly at the last.

And over a river that run there beside,
Which was very deep, and eighteen foot wide,
With his long staff and his stilts leaped he,
And shifted himself in an old hollow tree,

Then throughout the city was hue and cry made,
To have these thieves apprehended and staid,
The Cripple he creeps on his hands and his knees,
And in the high-way great passing he sees.

And as they came riding he begging doth say,
O give me one penny, good masters, I pray,
And thus unto Exeter creeps he along,
No man suspecting that he had done wrong.

Anon the Lord Courtney he spies in the street,
He comes unto him and kisses his feet,
God save your honor and keep you from ill,
And from the hands of your enemies still.

Amen, quoth Lord Courtney, and therewith threw
down

Unto the poor Cripple an English crown,
Away went the Cripple, and thus he did think,
Five hundred pounds more will make me to drink.

In vain that hue and cry it was made,
They found none of them though the country was
laid,

But this grieved the Cripple night and day,
That he so unluckily mist of his play.

Nine hundred pounds this Cripple had got,
By begging and thieving, so good was his lot,

A thousand pound he would make it, he said,
And then he would give over his trade.

But as he striv'd his mind to fulfill,
In following his actions so lewd and so ill,
At last he was taken the law to suffice,
Condemned and hanged at Exeter 'size.

Which made all men amazed to see,
That such an impudent cripple as he,
Should venture himself such actions as they,
To rob in such sort upon the high-way.

SQUAB PIE.

PHILLIS ! lovely charmer, say,
Would'st thou know th'unerring way,
And with heart unfailing wish
Made by thee the Cornish dish ?

First from bounteous Ceres store,
Walls erect of wheaten flour,
Walls, of which the ample round
Holds within a gulf profound ;
Then in parts minutely nice,
Soft and fragrant apples slice ;
With its dainty flesh, the sheep
Next must swell the luscious heap ;
Then the onions savory juice
Sprinkle, not with hand profuse,
Merely what may sting the eye,
Not make charming Phillis cry,

These ingredients well disposed,
And the summit fairly closed,
Lives the epicure, whose heart
Will not feel of love the smart ?—
If not for Phillis 'self, at least
For Phillis' pie ! and Phillis' paste !

OLD DRINKING SONG.

FROM DEUTEROMELIA.

GIUE vs once a drinke for and the blacke bol,
sing gentle Butler *balla moy* :
For and the black bole,
sing gentle Butler *balla moy*.

Giue vs once a drinke for and the pint pot,
Sing gentle Butler *balla moy* :
The pint pot,
for and the black bole, &c.

Giue vs once a drinke for and the quart pot,
sing gentle Butler *balla moy* :
The quart pot, the pint pot,
for and the black bole, &c.

Giue vs once a drinke for and the pottle pot,
sing gentle Butler *balla moy* :
The pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint pot,
for and the black bole, &c.

Giue vs once a drinke for and the gallon pot,
sing gentle Butler *balla moy* :
The gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart pot, the pint
pot,
for and the black bole, &c.

Giue vs once a drinke for and the verkin,
sing gentle Butler *balla moy* :

The verkin, the gallon pot, the pottle pot, the quart
pot, the pint pot,
for and the black bole, &c.

Giue vs : kilderkin, &c. Giue vs : barrell, &c. Giue
vs : hogshead, &c.

Giue vs : Pipe, &c. Giue vs : Butt, &c. Giue vs :
the Tunne, &c.

EXTRACTS FROM
LETTER IN CORNISH AND ENGLISH,

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BODENER, A FISHERMAN;

JULY 3, 1776.

(Printed in *Archæologia*, vol. 5. p. 83.)

Bluth vee Eue try Egence a pemp
my age is threescore and five
theatra vee dean Boadjaek an poscas
I am a poor fisherman
me rig deskey Cornoack termen me vee mawe
I learnt Cornish when I was a boy
me vee demore gen cara vee a pemp dean moy en cock
I have been to sea with my father and five other men
in the boat
me rig scantlower clowes Edenger sowsnack Cowes en
cock
and have not heard one word of English spoke in the
boat
rag sythen ware bar
for a week together
no rig a vee biscath gwellas lever Cornoack
I never saw a Cornish book
me deskey Cornoack mous da more gen tees coath
I learned Cornish going to sea with old men
na ges moye vel pager pe pemp endreau nye
there is not more than four or five in our town

Ell classia Cornish leben
can talk Cornish now
poble coath pager eyance blouth
old people four-score years old
Cornoack ewe all ne cea ves yen poble younk
Cornish is all forgot with young people.

FROM A. BORDE'S INTRODUCTION
TO KNOWLEDGE.

THE APENDEX TO THE FYRST CHAPTER, TREATINGE
OF CORNEWALL, AND CORNYSHE MEN.

ICHE cham a Cornyshe man al che can brew
It wyll make one to kake, also to spew
It is dycke and smoky, and also it is dyn
It is lyke wash, as pygges had wraffled dryn
Iche cannot brew, nor dresse Fleshe, nor vyshe
Many volke do segge, I mar many a good dishe
Dup the dore gos, iche hav some dyng to seg
Whan olde knaues be dead, yonge knaues be fleg
Iche chaym yll a fynghred, iche swere by my fay
Iche nys not eate no soole sens yester daye
Iche wolde fayne taale ons myd the cup
Nym me a quart of ale, that iche may it of sup
A good gosse iche hav a toome, vyshe and also tyn
Dynke gosse to me, or els iche chyl begyn
God watysh great colde, and fynger iche do abyd
Wyl your bedeuier gosse come homeat the next tyde
Iche pray God to coun him wel to vare
That when he comit home, myd me he do not starre
For putting a straw dorow his great net
Another pot of ale good gosse, now me fet

For my bedauer wyl to London, to try the saw
 To sew Tre poll pen, for waggyng of a straw
 Now gosse farewell yche can no longer abyde
 Iche must ouer to the ale howse at the yender syde
 And now come myd me gosse, I thee pray
 And let vs make mery, as longe as we may.

Cornwal is a pore and very barrē countrey of al maner thing, except Tyn and Fyshe. There meate, and theyr bread, and drincke, is marde and spylt for lacke of good ordring and dressinge. Fyrres and turues is their chief fewel, there ale is starke nought, lokinge white and thycke, as pygges had wrasteled in it, smoky and ropye and neuer a good sope, in moste places it is worse and worse, pitie it is them to curse, for wagginge of a straw they will go to law, and al not worth a hawe, playing so the dawe. In Cornwall is two speches, the one is naughty englyshe, and the other is Cornyshe speche. And there be many men and women the which cannot speake one Worde of Englyshe but all Cornyshe. Who so wyll speake any Cornyshe, Englyshe and Cornyshe doth folow.

One. two. thre. foure. fyue. six. seuen.
 ouyn. dow. tray. peswar. pimp. whe. syth.
 Eyght. nyne. ten. aleuyn. twelue. thertene.
 eth. naw. dec. unec. dower. tredeec.
 Fortene. fyften. syxtene. seuentine. eyghtyne.
 peswardeec. pypmdeec. whedeec. sythdeec. ethdeec.

Nyntyne. twenty. one and twenty, two and twenty.
 nawdeec. Igous. ouyn war igous. dow war igous.
 Three and twenty. fouer and twenty, &c.
 tray war igous. peswarygous, and so forthe tyl
 you come to thyrtty.

No Cornyshe man dothe number aboue xxx, and is
 named, Deec warnegous. And whan they haue told
 thyrtty, they do begyn agayn, one, two and thre. And
 so forth, and when they haue recoūted to a hondred,
 they saye kans. And if they nomber to a thousand
 than thei say myle.

God morrow to you, syr.
 Dar day dew a why serra.
 God spede you, mayde.
 Dar zoa de whi math tath.
 You be welcome, good wyfe.
 Welcom a whe gwra da.
 I do thanke you, syr.
 Dar dala de why, syra.
 How do you, fare.
 Vata lew genar why.
 Well, God thanke you, good master.
 Da dar dala de why master da.
 Hostes, haue you any good meate?
 Hostes eus bones de why
 Yes, syr, I haue enowghe.
 Eus sarra grace a vew.

Giue me some meate, good hostes.
Rewh bones de vy hostes da.
Mayde, giue me bread and drinke.
Math tath eus me barow ha dewas.
Wyfe, bring me a quarte of wine.
Gwras drewh quart gwin de vy.
Woman, bring me some fishe.
Beuen drewh pyscos de vi.
Mayde, brynge me egges and butter.
Math tath drewgh me eyo hag a manyn de vi.
Syr, much good do it you.
Syrra betha why lowe wenycke.
Hostes, what shall I pay ?
Hostes prendra we pay.
Syr, your rekenyng is v pens.
Syrra iges rechen eu pymp in ar.
How many myles is it to London ?
Pes myll der eus a lemma de Londres.
Syr, it is three houndred myle.
Syrra, tray kans myle dere.
God be with you, good hostes.
Bena tewgena a why hostes da.
God gyue you a good nyght.
Dew rebera vos da de why.
God send you wel to fare.
Dew reth euenna thee why fare eta.
God be whyth you.
Dew gena why.

I pray you commend me to all good felowes.
Meesdesyer why commende me the olde matas da.

Syr, I will do your commaundement
Syrra me euyden gewel ages commaundement why.

God be with you.
Dew gena why.

GLOSSARY.

APE WAY OUSE, a public house, called The Half-way House. Many public houses between two towns are so called.

APEARD, afraid—used repeatedly throughout Shakespere and contemporary writers.

AKETHA, forsooth.

AMENUTS, almonds.

ANES, nigh, anigh—from the old word *Anewst*.

ANGLETITCH, **ANGELTWYCTHYS**, the earth-worm, Angl. Sax.

Angeltwecca,

AREAR, O strange, wonderful, from *Red* (Cornish) strange, with *a* prefixed.

ARR'Y, are you.

ART'EN, art not.

AS LEV, as lief; as soon.

ASSNEGER, **ASSINEGO**, an ass—meaning a silly fellow; a fool—

“An *ussinego* may tutor thee:

Thou scurvy valiant ass!”—*Troil. and Cress.* 2.—1.

AUNT, **ANT**, **AN**, it is common to call elderly or even middle-aged people Aunt and Uncle.

AXED OUT, having the bans of marriage called out in church.

BALCH, a rope.

BALED, grieved—from *bale* sorrow, applied sometimes as beating *Bæl* Sax.

BAL, BALL, a mine. *Bál*, (Cornish) a place of digging ;
tin works.

BAZZOM, deep purple colour.

BEDOLED, stupified with pain or grief, from *dole* grief.

BETWATTLED, turned fool—*twattle* to chatter childishly.

BOOSTERING, labouring so as to sweat.

BOOZY, tipsey ; *Boos* (Cornish) to drink to excess.

BRA, brave, meaning fine.

BRAGGASHANS, bragging.

BRUDGE, bridge.

BUCHA-BOO, a ghost—*Bucha* (Cornish), a ghost.

BUCKING, *ucking* copper ore, is to break it so as to prepare it for dressing.

BUDDLE-BOY, boy attending the mines, and employed in washing the ore, or *buddling*.

BUSY, 'Tis busy, i. e. it requires.

BUTT, a cart.

BUZZA, a jar or pan—*Cloam Buzza*, an earthen pan.

CALL OUT, to have the bans called out in church.

CANT, a fall.

CARR'D, carried.

CENSURE, opinion. *To censure* to be of opinion. The word is frequently used by Shakspeare in the same sense, as—

“ How bless'd am I,

In my just *censure* !—in my true opinion !”

Winter's Tale, 2—1.

CHACKS, cheeks.

CHEEL VEAN, strictly meaning a little child, but commonly used as a familiar appellation—as “ How ar'ee cheel vean ?” which may be considered, “ How are you, friend ?” *Vean* (Cornish) little.

CHEELD, child.

CHEENS—CHEINS, the small of the back, “Chyne of bestys bakke” (Prompt Parvul.) *cheim* (Cornish) The back.

CHEWIDDEN DAY, *Jeu-whydn* (Cornish) White-Thursday—The Thursday, that is one clear week before Christmas-day, being the day on which black tin or ore, was first turned into white tin, or metal in these parts.

CHING, chin.

CHOWTER, a female fish-vender.

CHRESTMAS STOCK, the Christmas block, for the fire, which in strictness should last, through the holidays, and a piece be preserved to light the next year's stock.

“Part must be kept, wherewith to teend,
The Christmas log next year.”—*Herrick*.

CLACKER, tongue.

CLICK HAND, left hand—*Dorn Kledk* or *glikin* (Cornish) the left hand.

CLOAM, earthen ware.

CLOCK, crop or craw.

CLODGY, **CLIDGY**, **CLUTCHY**, clammy, sticky.

CLOPPING, lame, limping, *Kloppek* (Cornish) lame.

CLUNKT, clunk, swallowed *Klunk* (Cornish) to swallow.

COAJER'S-END, cobbler's-wax.

COANSE, cawnse, scoanes—stones.

COATS, petticoats.

COBB'D, beat, thumped.

COBSHANS, money, or savings.

CODGAR, **CODGER**, **CADGER**, originally a kind of pedlar; applied to a mean person as an expression of contempt.

COMFORTABLE, conforming to, agreeable to a thing, obliging.

“ I have another daughter,
Who I am sure is kind and *comfortable*.”

Lear, 1—4.

CONDUDES, conceits.

COOSE, course.

COOSTOM, a drop of custom is a little brandy after goose, plum-pudding, &c.

COOSY, *cous* (Cornish) to talk. Coozy, also is to loiter.

CORNISH HUG, a peculiar grip or lock in wrestling, which is most effective when given by a skilful wrestler.

COUR, CORE, a course or turn of work.

COWAL, a fish-basket of a peculiar form, carried by the fish-women on their backs.

CRAPPLE, a cripple.

CRAW, the crop.

CRAZ'D A SQUEER, cracked or broke, a square or pane of glass.

CREENING, complaining as from illness, old people are sometimes said to be creeners. *Crene*, (Cornish.)

CROCK, a vessel or pot, generally applied to an iron vessel with short feet or legs.. *Croca*, Angl. Sax. *Crochan*, (Cornish) a pot.

CROPEING, stingy.

CROWD, a fiddle; Crowder a fiddler, *Crwth*, Welsh.

CRUM, CROOM, a little bit, in the other parts of the kingdom, the word is confined generally to crumbs of bread. *Cruma*, Sax.

CUR'LLS, CARLLS, Christmas carols, still much in vogue in the West; the parish singers going about from house to house for the purpose. Some of these carols are of

considerable antiquity. *Karol*, (Cornish) a choir, a song.

CUYN, coin, money.

DEEF, rotten, as a bad nut is said to be deaf.

DING DONG, name of a Mine.

DOAT FIGS, dried figs.

DOODLE, to trifle.

DOUST, DOUSTING, pelt, beat.

DRANG, a gutter or drain.

DREEVING, driving, sometimes applied as hurrying.

DREULING, DRULING, talking in an imbecile manner, drivelling.

DRUMBLDRANE, a drone. *Drumble*, to go about anything awkwardly. "Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you *drumble*." (Merry Wives of Windsor, 3—3.)

DURK, dark, blind.

DURNES, the side posts of a door or gate. *Dorn*, (Cornish) the door-post.

DUSS'EN, dost not.

DWALING, speaking in a confused way. Angl. Sax. *dwelian*, to speak rambling as a sick person.

EMPRENT, impudent.

FADE, to go, applied now more particularly to the Furry-dance through the streets of Helstone, on the 8th of May.

FADGE, to get on or fare, "How do'ee fadge?" *i.e.* "How do you get on or do?" also to suit or agree, from Ang. Sax. *fegan*. "We will have if this *fadge* not, an antic." (Love's Labour Lost, 5—1.)

FANG, FANGING, to get, to seize, fanging, applied as earnings, from Angl. Sax. *fangan*.

FATCHING, fetching ; fetching home, meaning, going homeward.

FEW, little, a few broth, meaning a little broth.

FIGGY PUDDING, a plum-pudding ; raisins being called figs.

FITTY, clever, proper, becoming.

FLAM NEW, quite new.

FLOPT, flop, to drop down clumsily, to be flopt, to be flouted.

FOGANS, a kind of cake.

FOOTCHED, FOUCHED, pushed, shoved.

FORTHY, forward.

GALE, an ox.

GALLISH, gallows.

GAUKUMS, gaukum, a simpleton. *Goky*, (Cornish) a fool.

GIN AND TREACLE, a mixture of this sort was sometimes called mahogany, from its colour.

GISSING, guessing.

GIZ-DAUNCE, guise-dance, applied to the Christmas plays.

GLASSEN BURY DOG, a term of reproach, the origin at present "unknown" to the editor.

GLUT, CLUT, satiated.

GOUTED, gutted.

GOGGLING FOR GAPES, looking foolishly amazed.

GOSSAN, is the course or bed of the lode in a mine, *keenly gossan*, is a kind or friendly looking gossan, sometimes applied to other undertakings that look prosperous.

GOWK, a bonnet worn by country people, with a sort of flap or curtain behind, that protects the back of the neck from the weather.

GRASS, the surface of a mine, when ore is brought up, it is said to be brought to grass.

GREEF, to make geeef or grief between two persons, *i. e.*, to make mischief.

HASTIS, hasty. *Hysty* (Cornish) haste, make haste.

HAVAGE, race, family, ancestry.

HEAVY CAKE, a flat, compact, and pleasing variety of currant cake, which should be eaten hot from the oven.

HEEP, hip.

HEPPING STOCK, leaping-stock, horse-block.

HIRE, hear

HODDYMANDODDY, a simpleton. Ben Jonson uses the similar word Hoddy-doddy in *Every Man in his Humour* (4—8).

“ Well, good wife, bawd Cob’s wife, and you,
That make your husband such a *hoddy-doddy*.”

HOGGAN BAG, a miner’s bag, wherein he carries his provisions. *Hogan* (Cornish) coarse ; also, a pork pasty.

HOOZY, having a hoarseness, or cough. *Hoost*, *hoose*, a cough ; Angl.-Sax. *hwosta*. *Hoz*. (Cornish) hoarse.

HOUZEN, houses.

HUM, home.

JEFFY, in a jiffy, in a trice.

I’FACKS, in faith,

JOSING, scolding.

JOUDS, pieces, jots.

IRE, iron.

JUE, you.

JUNG, young. *Jungk* (Cornish) young.

KEEP COMPANY, when people are courting, they are said to keep company.

KENDLE TEENING, candle lighting time. To *tine* or *teen* a candle, *i. e.* to light it. Angl.-Sax. *tynan* to light.

KEPEN, captain. The superintendants, or inspectors at mines, are called captains.

KERRYER KYE, name of a mine.

KIBBEL, a kind of large bucket, used in mines.

KICKY, to stammer, or hesitate in speech.

KICKLISH, tottering.

LASHES OF RAIN, beating rain.

LATTICE, LATTEEN, tin, or iron tinned over.

LEABY, empty.

LIC, a leek.

LIKE, such.

LINNEY, a shed for cattle.

LOBBA, LOABER, LUBBA, an awkward fellow, a lubber.

LUBBER-COCKS, turkey-cocks.

LUTTERPOUCH, a slovenly fellow.

MABJER, a pullet.

MADE HOME, to make home, *i. e.* to shut, or make fast the door.

MAKE GAMES, sports, frolics.

MAKE WISE, make believe.

MAN ENGINE. The miners in Cornwall ascend and descend the mines by ladders, a work of great labour, and very prejudicial to health. It has long been wished to remedy this practice, and premiums have been offered for any effectual method of obviating it. At a large mine called Tresavean, an apparatus of simple principle has been adapted to one of the steam engines, which enables the men to ascend and descend with very little exertion, but the cost of the first outlay, has prevented its use hitherto throughout the country, though it has been stated that such cost would be more than replaced in a moderate time. The apparatus is called the Man Engine, or In-gine.

MASHES, quantities, masses.

MAUR, a root.

MAZE JERRY PATTICK, mad simpleton.

MAZED, bewildered.

MAZEDISH, confused.

MEN, them.

MIT, met.

MIDJANS, small pieces, mites.

MOILES, mules.

MORT, a plenty.

MUGGITY PYE, a pie, made of calves' entrails.

MUNDIC, this term is applied to the different varieties of pyrites, which are sometimes exceedingly beautiful as specimens, but of no value in a commercial point of view.

MURED, squeezed.

MURELY, nigh, almost. *Múr* (Cornish) much.

NACKIN, a handkerchief.

NITEY, *good nit'ey* ; good night.

NOANCE, on purpose, for the occasion. *Nans* (Cornish) now : and see *Promptorium Parvulorum* : Way's ed. for Camden Society, pp. 173-4 ; the word is frequently used by Shakspeare and his cotemporaries.

NOOZLED THE NEPPLE, to nuzzle, or nestle, as a child in its mother's bosom.

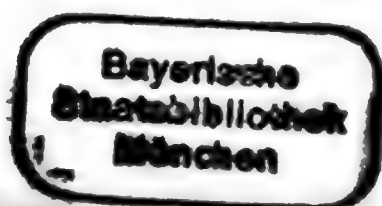
“ Those mothers who, to *nousle* up their babes,
Thought nought too curious . . .”—(Pericles, 1—4)

NOTIONS, fancies, fashions.

ODDS, What's the odds ? *i. e.* What's the difference ?

OUT-WINDERS, bow or bay-windows.

F



PADZHER POU, PAGETEPOOS, efts, lizards, literally four footed ; from *padzhar* and *paw* (Cornish) four and foot.

PALTCH'T, patched up as applied to sickly people. *Palch* (Cornish) mending poorly from sickness.

PASSON, parson.

PATTIC, a simpleton.

PEDNPALY, a tomtit.

PEERE, PEER, a party ; a pair of miners, meaning a gang who take a particular piece of work or pitch, as it is called, in a mine, and frequently consists of five men ; the term is also applied to a string of mules.

PELLAS, a coarse sort of grain, a kind of oat.

PEWER, PURE, pretty much ; very ; used as expressions of increase ; as, *pure and stout*, very stout.

PIG'S CROW, a pig-stye.

PIGGY WHIDDEN, the youngest or smallest pig of the litter, literally the little white pig ; *Whidn* or *Gwydn*, meaning white in Cornish.

PILCHER, a pilchard.

PILLOW-BERE, a pillow-case.

RISKY, a fairy. *Pisky*, (Cornish) a fairy : there are several remains of these in the West.

PLANCHING, planched, planks, boards, boarded, wooden floor. French, *plancher*. Shakespere, mentions "a *planched* gate," in Measure for Measure. *Plankan*, (Cornish) a plank.

PLOFFY, soft, plump.

POAM, to pummel, to pound with the fist.

POCKS, shoves or pushes.

POLDAVY, a sort of coarse cloth, or canvass ; *Powle-Davies* was formerly the name of sail-cloths, of which the manufacture was introduced into England about the 32nd of Elizabeth, and an act was passed in 1st James I. to protect the manufacture.

POLRUMPTUOUS, restive.

POLTATES, **TATIES**, potatoes.

POMSTER, to quack. *Ponster*, (Cornish) quackery.

POODLE, this'm side of the poodle ; this side of the channel.

POOTED, **POOT**, to poot, to kick, to push away.

POSSED UP, pushed up, placed up.

POWERS, a great number.

PREEN, Penryn.

PRIDY, proud.

PRINKED, dressed smartly, decked out.

PROPER, handsome.

PUNNION END, the gable end of a house.

QUILKINS, a species of frog. *Guilkin*, *Kuilken*, *Quilquin*, (Cornish) a frog.

QUAT, to sit down quietly ; the American absquotilate would appear the reverse of this.

ROADLING, delirious.

RUD, red. *Rud*, (Cornish) red.

RUMBELOW ; the burden to the Furry-day Song is

“ With Halantow
Rumbelow.”

How it got applied to this song cannot be stated. This or something very similar seems to have been used in old sea songs, and *Halow* was an ancient “schyp-

manys crye."—(Prompt. Parvul. Way's edition, 223.)

As for example:—

"They rowede hard, and sungge ther too,
With heuelow and rumbeloo."—(*Richard Cœur de Lion.*)

"Your mariners shall syngge arowe,
Hey how and rumbylowe."—(*Squyre of lowe degree.*)

"With heue alowe—with rambylow."
(*Battle of Bannockburn.*)

"Trolle on away, trolle on awaye,
Synge heave and howe rumbelowe trolle on away."
(*Song on Thomas Lord Cromwell.*)

There was the same cry on the occasion of Sir John Norman going by water to Westminster, he being the first Lord Mayor who had a water procession. The use of such an ancient burden, would be an argument for the antiquity of the song, of which the words however may have been somewhat modernized.

RUMBUSTIOUS, noisy, troublesome.

SAAVES, salves.

SCAAL OR SCAAL'D CREAM OR MILK. Scal'd cream is the celebrated clouted cream. Scal'd milk is the milk *after* the cream has been taken from it.

SCAT, SKAT, a blow. *Skat*, (Cornish) a blow, to break. *Skuattin*, (Cornish) to strike, to scat, to give a blow. Scat is also applied in the sense of broken or ruined, as to say such a person is scat.

SCAVEL AN GOW, confused talking, chattering. *Skaval angow*, (Cornish) the bench of lies.

SCLAU, SCLAW, to scratch.

SCOANES, the stones or pavement.

SCOX, thin, poor, generally appled to silks or stuffs.

SCRANCHING, scrunching, cranch, to crush a hard substance between the teeth.

SCREEDLE, to cower over the fire, or embers.

SCRINKT, screwed.

SCROUGE, scrudge, to squeeze as in a crowd, to crowd together.

SCUD, to spill.

SCUFF OF THE NECK, the hinder part of the neck.

SEELING, the ceiling.

SHAFT, the perpendicular well-like entrance to a mine.

SHANKS, the legs.

SHAPE, litter, mess.

SHOUL, a shovel.

SHRIMMED, chilled.

SKESES, **SKEYCE**, to run away, to frisk about. *Skesy*, (Cornish) to escape, flee.

SKEW, thick drizzling rain.

SKID THE WHEEL, to stop or put the drag on a wheel at the descent of a hill.

SKOAL, **SCOOL**, a shoal of fish. The word is used by Shakspeare and Milton. *Scole*, Sax.

SKRIMMAGE, bustle, or confusion.

SLAMM'D, beat.

SLIVERS, slices, small pieces. *Slisan*, Sax. to cut into slices.

SLOCKAN, slock, to entice.

SLOTTERY, dirty, wet, muddy. *Slotteree*, (Cornish) rainy weather, foul and dirty.

SLYDOM, cunning.

SMURT, smart.

SOME, when applied to figures, means about, as ten or some; *i. e.* about ten, or some ten—

“ I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second and the third, nine, and some five.”

Winter's Tale, 2—1.

SOS, SOASE, neighbour, friend, companion.

SOUS, thar's down souse, that's plain.

SPAARS, spars, quartz crystals, commonly called Cornish diamonds, and other showy specimens.

SPAN, to fasten two legs of a beast together.

SPANGARS, Spaniards.

SPARABLES, nails, generally applied to those in the soles of rustic shoes, sparrow-bills.

SPICATY, speckled.

SPUR, time ; a pewer spur, *i. e.* some time ; as in other places the term “ a good bit ” is used.

SPURTICLES, spectacles.

SQUAB PIE, a pie made of apples, onions, mutton, pepper, salt, and sugar.

SQUABBED, squeezed.

SQUADGED, pushed or squeezed.

SQUARDED, torn. *Squerd* (Cornish) a rent, anything torn.
Squardia, (Cornish) to tear.

SQUINNIED, squinny, to look aside or askance, with lids half closed.

“ Dost thou *squinny* at me ? ” — (*Lear*, 4—6.)

STAM BANG, plump down.

STANK, to tread upon.

STARRY GAZY PIE, a pie made of pilchards and leeks, the

heads of the pilchards appearing through the crust,
as if they were studying the stars.

STAVE, to knock down.

STEEVED, to stow, or force down.

STEM, a day's work.

STICKLER, an umpire or arbitrator in a wrestling match.

STOGG'D, STAGG'D, stuck.

STOMPSES, the tin ore when raised from the mine is broken
into small pieces by a powerful set of perpendicular bars
beating alternately, worked by steam-engine or water-
wheel—they are called Stamps, and make a most
deafening noise.

STOMPEY, to stump or walk.

STRAM, STRAMMING, a great lie.

STREEVED, tried, strove.

STROVE, confusion.

STUFF, ore.

STUN, stone.

SUANT, SUANTLY, smooth, smoothly, prosperously.

TAKING, a sad condition.

TAMLYN, a miner's tool.

TANTRUMS, whims, freaks.

TARVING, struggling, storming.

TEEM, to pour out.

TEENING TIME, time of candle lighting.

TERITES, to rights.

TERRECTLY, directly.

THICEY, THICKEY, that.

THUMPING, great, large.

TIDY, decent, clever.

TIMBREN, TIMBEREN, wooden.

TIMDOODLE, silly fellow.

TIMERSOME, fearful, timorous.

TOOTLEDUM PATTICK, foolish simpleton.

TOD, toad.

TOKENED TO, betrothed to.

TOM-TODDIES, tadpoles.

TOUZING, touze, to pull about rudely.

TOWN-PLACE, farm-yard, the word town is applied in three different ways that seem peculiar to the county. *Town-place*, as above, meaning the farm-yard and offices. *Church-town*, the village where the parish church is situate, no matter how few the houses may be ; and *Town of trees*, a clump, or collection of trees.

TOYTISH, pert, snappish.

TRAADE, chymist's preparations, physic.

TRAPESING, walking slovenly.

TREGEAGLE, a character of some note in the county ; he was originally a person who possessed himself, by most irregular and violent means, which would have afforded a most exciting police report, of property which did not belong to him ; after his death he was condemned to various impossible tasks, and sometimes now may be heard in very stormy weather, expostulating loudly at his ill-usage.

TUBBANS, clods of earth. *Tubans*, (Cornish) great clods of earth.

TUCK'T, chucked.

TUMMALS, a quantity. *Tomals*, (Cornish) quantity, great heaps of anything.

TURMITS, turnips.

TUTCH PIPE. The labourers are in the habit of stopping from work for about half an hour in the afternoon by way of relief, which they call *touch-pipe*; hence applied to any cessation of labour.

VALLEE, value; a few hours vallee; in a few hours' time.

VEERS, young pigs.

VEISTES, fists.

WAIST, ways.

WARNY, I WARN'Y, I dare say.

WASSAIL. The wassail-bowl is still in use in many parts of Cornwall, at Christmas time. Its history would require too much space.

WELLE'ER, just now.

WEST'EN, will not.

WHAP, a knock. *Whaf*, (Cornish) a blow.

WHEEL BOG, the name of a mine. Mines are constantly called *Wheel*, *Wheal*, or *Huel*. In Cornish *Huel* is a mine.

WISHED, dull, melancholy, foolish.

YEFFER, heifer.

YEWLING, howling.

THE FURRY-DAY SONG TUNE.

Moderato

Rob-in Hood and Little John, they both are gone to

fair, O! And we will go to the mer-ry green woods to

see what they do there, O! And for to

chase, O! To chase the buck and doe,

Largo.

With Ha - lan - tow, Rum - ble, O! For

A tempo

we were up as soon as a - ny day, O!

And for to fetch the Sum-mer home, The

Sum-mer and the May, O! For Sum-mer is a -

- - come, O! And Win-ter is a - gone, O!



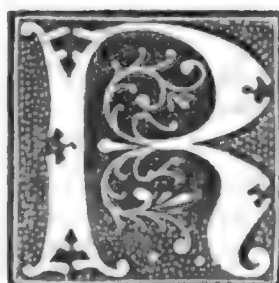
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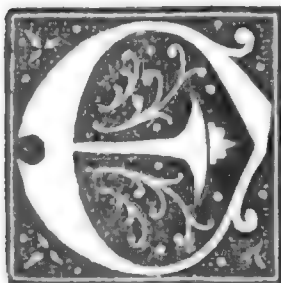
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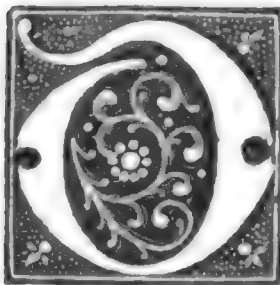
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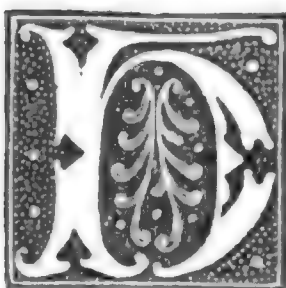
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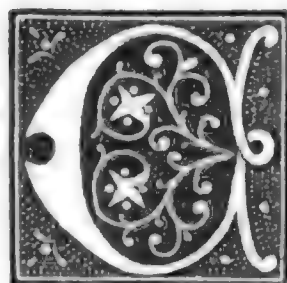
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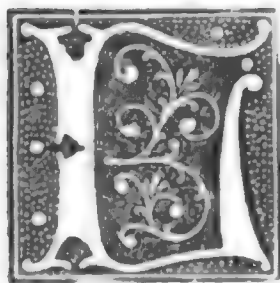
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